

An excellent Ballad of the Mercers sonne of Midhurst, and the Clothiers Daughter of Guilford. *To the tune of, Daintie come thou to me.*

There was a wealthy man,
in Suffex he old dwell,
A Mercer by his trade,
as many yet can tell:
He had a youthfull sonne,
whom fancie so did moue,
He crieth night and day
alacke I die for loue.

Alacke I die for loue,
beautie disdaineth me:
The Clothiers daughter deare,
moueth my extremitie.
She hath my heart in hold,
that did most cruell proue:
Thus crieth he night and day,
alacke I die for loue.

Alacke I die for loue,
fortune so sore hath wronged:
The Jewell of my heart
dwelleth in Guilford Towne.
There lyes the Lamp of life,
for whom this paine I proue.
Fairer Phillis pittie me,
alacke I die for loue.

Alacke I die for loue,
and can no comfort finde:
The Clothiers daughter deare
beareth so high a minde.
Sweet beauties paragon,
faire Venus: Alas what:
Sweet Phillis pittie me,
alacke I die for loue.

Alacke I die for loue,
while thou dost laugh and smile.
Not wot thy pleasure be
true loue for to beguile:
My life lyes in thy hands,
then as it doth behoues
May not the Mercers sonne,
alacke I die for loue.

If that my beautie bright
doth grieve thy sight quoth she,
Then let the Mercers sonne,
turne still his face from me.
I doe no man disdaine,
nor can I cruell proue,
My tongue must still say day,
where my heart cannot loue.

Where my heart cannot loue,
loued oft I must than:
The Clothiers daughter thus
answers the Mercers sonne.

I beare no lottie minde,
yet pittie cannot moue
My minde to fancie him,
where my heart cannot loue.

Where my heart cannot loue,
I must his suit denie,
For though I laugh and smile,
yet saith he I deie.

Thou art so fond a man
likes danger thus to proue,
He not wot god friend Iohn,
where my heart cannot loue.

What god can there befall
to that now married wife,
Where gods & wealth is small
want cansteth daily strife:

But where is wealth at will,
experience plains doth proue,
Though lone at first be small
yet gods increaseth loue:

Yet gods increaseth loue,
and I will neuer wed,
But where a key of gold
open the doores to bed.

For she may merry be,
what chance sooner day,
Where bags of money come
tumbling with in her lap.

Tumbling with in her lap,
while she her gold doth tell,
With such a husband, Sir,
I doe delight to dwell.

Where he young, were he old,
despised, or faire in show,
My pleasure still shal be
where treasure still doth flow.

Where treasure still doth flow,
is that your minde quoth he?
My father will bestow
as much as comes to the,
And thou five hundred pounds,
five hundred pound bestow,
My father will allow,
if thou wilt be my wyde.

If thou wilt be my wyde,
thus much I vnderstand,
My father will give me
his house and eke his land.

So that while he doth live,
with us he may remaine:
What sayes my hearts delight,
this is a bargaine plaine.

This is a bargaine plaine,
quoth she, I am content,
So he performe this thing,
I give thee my consent,
And I will merry be,
my minde shall not remoue
Thou shalt be my sweet heart,
So be thine owne true loue.

He be thine owne true loue,
then be no more delay,
I greatly long to see
our happy marriage day,
To Midhurst all in haste
goeth the Mercers sonne,
He told his father deare,
his true loue he hath won.

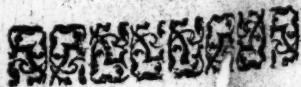
The old man hearing this,
conceyded out of hand,
Assurance to his sonne,
of all his house and land:
When he had done this ded,
he wept full bitterly,
Saying, my owne deare sonne
thou must be good to me.

Well worth two hundred pound
this morning I was knowne,
But the clothes to my backe,
nothing now is mine owne.
And all this I haue done
deare sonne to pleasure the,
I thinke on thy fathers loue,
and deale thou well with me.

Deare father, (quoth the sonne)
if I doe not doe so,
God potize vpon my head
hot vengeance, griefe and woe.
The young man wedded was
to his faire lovely wyde,
But wondrous griefe and care
therof there did betide.

As after you shall heare,
in the old mans complaint,
A tale of greater griefe,
cannot your hearts attaine:
A warning by this thing,
all men shall vnderstand,
Well they doe come to line
vnder their cillibens hand.

Finis.



A new Ballad intituled, The Old mans complaint against his wretched sonne, who to
aduance his marriage, did vndoe himselfe, To the tune of, Daintie comes thou to me.



All you that Fathers be,
Take on my miserie,
Let not affection sonn
worke your extremitie:
For to aduance my sonne
in marriage wealthily
I haue my selfe vndone,
without all remedie.
I that was wont to liue
vncoutrouled any way,
With many checks and taunts,
I am grieved every day.
Alacke and wee is me,
I that might late command,
Cannot haue a bit of bread,
but at my childrens hand,
Whiles I was wont to sit
chiefe at the Tables end,
Now like a serving-manne,
must I on them attend:
I must not come in place,
where their friends merry be:
Lest I should my sonne disgrace
with my vncourence:
My coughing in the night,
offends my daughter in law,
My deafenesse and ill sight
doth much disliking giue;
Eyes on this doting sale,
this crooked charke quoth she.
The chaimoy cozner still
must with me trouble be,
I must rise from my chaire,
to giue my children place:
I must speake seruants saies,
this is my wofull case.
Vnto their friends they tell,
I must not say they lie,
That if y doe keepe me here:
euen were charitable.
When I am sicke in bed,
they will not come neere me

Each day they wish me dead,
yet say Ie neuer die.
O Lord and't be thy will,
take on my wofull case,
So honest men before,
euer take such disgrace,
This was the old mans plaint
euerie night and day.
With too he wored faint,
but merke what I shall say.
This rich and daintie paire,
the young man and his wife,
Though clog'd with golden coine
yet led a griuous life.
When peers they married were
and yet in all this space
God gaue them none on heire,
their riches to increase.
Thus did their sorrows bryde,
loy was from them ryll'd:
Quoth she a hundred pound
would I giue for a child:
To haue a lolly child:
of mine owne body borne;
Full oft I am rent'd,
of this my barren wombe.
Much wylle she do the sake,
to make a fruitfull soyle,
And with excheit thereof
her baby she did spoile.
Full of griefe full of paine,
full of ad grow she then,
What she cryed out amaine,
like me forry running man,
That I my health may haue,
I will no money spare,
But that which she did crane,
sell neuer to her here.
Alacke, alacke, she said,
what torments liue I in;
How well are they apoyd,
that any ease can win.

So that I had my health,
and from this paine were free,
I would giue all my wealth,
that blessed loy to see.
O that I had my health,
though I were nere so poore,
I care not though I went
begging from doore to doore.
Eyes on that much (quoth she)
it cannot pleasure me,
In this my wofull case
and great extremitie.
Thus li'd she long in paine,
all comfort from her fled,
She struggled at the last
her selfe within a bed.
Her husband full of griefe,
consuming wofully,
His bodie pin'd away,
suddenly he did die,
Ere thirtie yeeres were past,
did he with out a will,
And by this means at last,
the old man liuing still.
Enter'd his land againe
after such miserie:
Many yeeres after that,
liued he most happily,
Ferre richer then before,
by this means was he made free.
He told the storie and saie,
the poore man wofull was:
But this time it he saie,
let all men be wofull,
These wordes were his,
liue on that chyldeless bed.

Finis.

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